THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1670.

Choice Poetry.

TO ———,

If from that strange and unknown sphere
Where I believe thou art
The world which girds round this our world,
So near, yet so apart—
Thy soul's soft call unto my soul
Electrical could reach,
And mortal with immortal blend
In one familiar speech—

What wouldst thou say to me? would ask
Of all that chanced between?
Or close this chasm of cruel years
With spirit hand serene?
Wouldst love me—thy pure eyes seeing all
God only saw beside?
Oh, love me! 'Twas so hard to live,
So easy to have died!

If, while the dizzy whirl of life
A moment pausing stayed,
Face to face with thee could stand,
I would not be afraid;
Not though from sphere to sphere thy feet
In glad ascent have trod,
While mine took through earth's miry ways
Their melancholy road.

We could not love each other. World
On world, piled ever higher,
Would part like barked clouds, lightning cleft
By our two souls' desire.
Life never severed us; death tried—
But could not; Love's voice fine
Called luring through the dark—then ceased,
And I am wholly thine.

Pictures of Life.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibis-shooting; it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I ...

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, for a glance was fathoms in depth. A quick reflection told me that the boat was irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation, nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone, it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the islet lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim, I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree, nor log, nor bush; not a stick out of which I might make a raft—when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake. Indeed, I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never get out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no supposititious hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple habitans of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them ...

Our Picture Gallery.

HUNTING THE KANGAROO IN AUSTRALIA.

THE GUERILLA CHIEF OF ERLAU.*

Selected Sketch.

ADVENTURE OF A QUAKER VESSEL.

Selected Articles.

"WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET SKIES."

BY E. L. BULWER.

I

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.
For thoughts like waves that glide by night,
Are stillest when they shine,
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

II

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—
Sweet spirit meet me then.
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide,
And in that mystic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

III

The thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam,
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream!
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea.

A WICKED WIFE.

Here is a terrible story, from Burke's Family Romance, showing "how the Scotts of Thirlestane came to beggary." It is an Ainsworth's novel, in half a column. "Sir Robert's second wife was an unprincipled woman, of vindictive temper, and fierce passions; and by her he had several children. This woman had all the qualities calculated to make an oppressive and cruel step-dame; and accordingly her jealousy ...

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Dinsmore & Pinkney, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

NO. XI.

Venice, May 20th, 1850.

MY DEAR E——:—Yesterday morning we turned out to the Arsenal, which is finely situated, and contains many objects of interest, and various antiquities—though to the last regret it fell below my expectation—not being comparable, for instance, with the Tower of London. The entrance is quite imposing, being guarded by four lions of the marble of Mount Hymettus, brought from Athens in the seventeenth century. The floor of these bears a Runic inscription on his neck, and is supposed to have formed part of a monument of the battle of Marathon.

In the armory, are one every variety of ancient armor and weapons, generally of a most elaborate and frescian character, though there are also many trophies of battle and conquest—one beautiful memorial of the perished power and glory of Venice,—banners halting and rotting on the wall, brought home by Henry Dandolo, the grand old Doge, who, at the age of ninety-five, and when nearly blind, took Constantinople. There was the model of the Bucintoro, or state galley of the Doges, a gorgeous vessel, dazzling to crimson and gold, which must have "burned on the water," like the barge of Cleopatra—and there were, in a cage by themselves, horrible instruments of torture and assassination—curarisms, infernal inventions, the object and management of which I could with difficulty be made to comprehend. Among these were an axe, which once belonged to Francesco di Carrara, the tyrant of Padua—showing the utmost refinement of diabolical cruelty in particular on unsuspicious little lieutenant by which to dash sudden death upon the victim's head unseen or distrust;—an ordinary-looking key, which could be carried carelessly in the hand, but which, by touching a secret spring, shot forth poisoned needles. But the most terrible of all, were the tattering knives. These were very high, heavy iron cases, which enclosed the head and chest of the victim—the upper portion being covered with small holes, through which the intervener thrust into the head sharp instruments of steel, resembling spindles. The victim's mouth was open, except a sort of knob, or tube, where the implement destined for confession was fixed. Can not the modern armory, and but hastily looked through the ship-building department, where there were some little fir-propelled ships, which within a scene in a dock-yard at home. The sailors go about in sailor silence—among the cordons there is little of the noise and bustle of cheerful labor—even the tall of their hats, seem some form and spiritless.

From the Arsenal, we went to the Academy, where I spent an hour or two of intense enjoyment before the same pieces of Titian. I was with real across that I turned from them so late, and my interest took on the direction, in Virgin in the *Presentation*, was as material as though cast on some beloved being. Oh, most real and living will she ever be to me in all the beauty of her tender years, her modest confidence, her unconscious holiness!

Again we spent the evening on the water—seeing Venice by moonlight for the last time—to-night the moon will not rise. I have "seen a whole.

This morning, resolving to have a new experience, I took a gondola by myself, and set forth on a round of sight-seeing. My gondola, a very handsome old one, knows Venice thoroughly, speaks French, and talks very intelligently on art and architecture—as quite does away with the necessity of a *valet de place*. I have to-day been able to see things at leisure, quietly, and far more comprehendingly than when I was done with a chattering, professional guide, and a party of acquaintances. I went first to the noble church of *Santa Maria Gloriosa de Frari*, which contains the tomb of Titian, and a magnificent monument erected to his memory by the Emperor Ferdinand I. Here is also a monument to Canova, after a design upon his own, very imposing, in spite of the affectation and mannerism by which all the works of this sculptor are marked. The tomb of the Doge Foscari, and a beautiful picture by Titian, are objects next in interest here. At the Church of *San Rocco* I saw Titian's *Christ dragged by the hangmen*, a terrible picture, and in the *Scuola Dei Asse-ssorres*, a painting by Tintoret, and breaking the purest and severest religious spirit. The walls and ceiling of another room in this Scuola, are covered with Tintorettos. One of these represents "Saint Roch restoring sight to one who is blind," and which applies familiar terms, that it is quite a little difficult to decide which is the Saint and which the Deity. Such things are absolutely revolting to me.

At the Church of *San Sebastiano* I saw the St. Nicolas of Titian, and several of the noblest works of Paul Veronese, whose tomb is also here.

I went to the *Church of Giovanni E' Paolo* for the sole sake of seeing Titian's last fresco. Some natter has been found, to my bitter disappointment, that it was being copied for the Emperor of Austria, and could not be seen. The Church itself is a most impressive and beautiful edifice, containing many fine pictures and superior monuments. But it is scarcely worth while to mention any more of these—lovegive more or more than to me as my guide book calls them—and to more than mention them is out of the question. The Churches of Venice are perfectly inexhaustible. From St. Mark's down to the least of those I have seen, they are surprising in design and gorgeous in decoration, crowded and overflowing with riches. Genius in every branch of art, and wealth unlimited have been lavished upon them—fortunes have been scattered over altars and piled up in monuments, but at what cost they stand the unrivaled wonder of the world.

I visited the Correr Museum—which is full of curious and beautiful objects—among which are sceptres, medallions, cameos, and works in coral and ivory. Among the pictures is a Magdalen, by Guido, which impressed me very powerfully. She is represented in the hour of her first repentance—her hands are clasped, her eyes thrown up to Heaven, in an agony of prayer, while with passionate grief and remorse, she has flung her rich dress upon the ground, and set her foot upon them.

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Then is to me no sight more mournful than one of the ancient, unoccupied palaces on the grand canal, with its closed door and boarded windows, abutting in a thousand glorious memories—like old Solinarius standing by the way, with his blind, blank eyes, and his imperial front—deserted, deserted, deserted, yet royal still. All about you is of the past and of the dead—the city across the vast emerald sea, densely reminiscent and magnificent monochrome—it has no present none or glory, or zest etc. [illegible] Venice, the Bride of the Adriatic, celebrating the nerves which once wedded her, lies there her, and blanket in the mourning gloss of her beauty!

May 23rd.—This morning some of the grand church fete of Venice took place—that which takes at St. Mark's and on Ascension procession around the lagoons. All the princes of the Churches of Venice were there in brilliant fundamess, bearing images and crosses and banners, and followed by priests, vested with flowers, and many other varieties of splendid symbols. There was also a fine military display, in which the Austrian and Hungarian uniforms shone resplendent—there were crowds of the people, in their gayest costumes—there were the windows and balconies of all the buildings surrounding the Square, fested bright-colored hangings—and another, a beautiful and costly canopy, under the procession itself, after those I had seen at St. Peter's, was a fine affair. The music was fine, and the guns with which it concluded, were decidedly the best part of the entertainment. Again and again, the air waved with the grateful grandeurs of Venice, Cyprus and the Morea, on the Venetian fleet, and the forts in the Adriatic, were hoisted the Austrian colors. The imperial banner in the centre, with the deep bar-tor of black and yellow, and the white coat of the binding stealthily round red round the standard in the light wind, reminded me of an anaconda serpent, and so seemed a most fitting symbol of that despotism which crushes out the life of nations in the folds of its power.

In the afternoon I again took my gondola, and went out to the island of San Servolo, to visit the hospital for the sick and insane. In the department for the former there are about one hundred patients, of the latter, about two hundred, all males. This establishment is entirely under the charge of the Brothers.

I was first conducted to a pleasant little hall, looking out on a garden, where a noble looking old monk received me with courtesy, and then offered me refreshment. On my remarking that perhaps I was intruding upon his hours of rest, a lady to visit their hospital alone, he assented, but added very graciously that he was gratified to see me, as a person connected in the world's topsy-turvy manner, and but hastily looked through the ship-building department, where there were little fir propelled ships, was strangely within a scene in a dock-yard at home. The sailors go about in sullen silence—among the cordons there is little of the noise and bustle of cheerful labor—even the tall of their hats, seem some form and spiritless.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ORIGINAL EXCEPTIONALLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance, or $2 50, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs: Five copies for $8, and one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

5 (and one to Agent, or the getting up of the Club,) $10 00
10 (and one to Agent, or getter up of the Club,) $18 00
20 (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $30 00

AGENTS TO CLUBS.—Any person having subscribers to the POST, can have the back numbers to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscription to commence with the number of the week last do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Any person who will get up a Club of ten dollars, can have one copy of the POST free.

ALL MONEY ORDERS, &c., must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the sum sent.

POST MASTERS or others sending for Clubs, will please state whether they wish a new Club formed, or when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

We also request that letters to us should be addressed to the name of the State, as well as the Post Office, as there is a Post Office in almost *every* State.

Post Masters wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it forwarded *to*.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the POST, and also for the *Ladies' Book*, which we are inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers to publish. It appears that we have agents in some other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

We design beginning this novelet in our next number—that of August 6th. We shall print an extra quantity of the earlier numbers, in order that we may supply the wishes of all who may desire it, with the story from the beginning. Our readers may anticipate a rich treat in the way of fiction in the novelet.

In addition to "The Lost Heiress," we shall continue and complete the admirable series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by GRACE GREENWOOD; and the interesting "Sketches of Travel," by C. G.

Of course, the literary excellence of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, engravings, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

THE EASTERN QUESTION

The last advices from Europe would seem to indicate that the CZAR is getting the upper hand. He appears to have all the advantage in the contest between himself and the Sultan, being willing to push matters to extremities, while the latter is anxious to avoid a rupture. The former war, but also ready to avail themselves of any plausible pretext for yielding up the point in dispute. The Sultan's refusal to banish Cabinet seems to be, shall we sustain Turkey's claim to a right to expel, when she considers occasion trade, of lighting up anew the flame entering upon a pack the end of which no man can see. Russia, Europe, and the world are almost determined upon—no we will save Turkey if we can do so by a single decisive battle—but if we can not we are frightened, but still persevere, she must either submit to fair play, or be crushed. Indeed she must submit to right alone. We say that this is the completion which appreciates indeed the situation. Russia has the power, and the will to carry out her designs, and the Sultan is aware that any thing different but over the interest of religion and humanity.

Contrary to general expectation, the mission of the Austrian Envoy to Constantinople is said to have been from one of negotiation of conciliation. The terms, it seems, are thought to be reasonable, and the Sultan is said to be disposed to accept them. The policy of the Russian Court seems to be to push the absorption of Austria and Turkey, and to do it in such a manner as to deceive them. The Russian army is said to be now in the Danubian Provinces, ostensibly on the long respect and the financial ruin of war, and its ostensible effect upon trade, and to be there for the purpose of guarding the frontier from the incursions of the Hungarian insurgents, but the plain, generally, is to be ready to march into Turkey, if it can be done without a general conflagration. The British and French Governments are said to have entered into a treaty to defend the Sultan against any aggression. We believe that they have entered into a treaty to defend Turkey after the receipt of the intelligence that the Russian army had crossed the Pruth, and that they were engaged in the French Government, to which we alluded in our last number, and which we regard as a decisive step.

And if the peace of Europe is thus preserved—and because of any sacred regard for life, or any high and noble consideration—but because of the long respect and the financial ruin of war, and its disastrous effect upon trade, and because the interests of humanity are better than a conflict—and for oppression, not for plunder, and for the great principle of justice and right—France became involved in the war, and suffered and injuries in a Christian virtue, is one of the most noble and glorious in the annals of human history. Let us not be too easily discouraged, but rather hopeful and trustful. Let us not be too easily discouraged, but rather hopeful and trustful. Let us not be too easily discouraged, but rather hopeful and trustful.

NEWSPAPERS AS EDUCATORS.

In reference to their subjects, briefly considered in our columns, we may quote the following letter recently received from Rev. J. B., of Stafford, North Carolina. In regard to a copy of the Post sent to his son, who is at school in Forestville, Mr. B. says:

I will here remark that I have been a subscriber to the Post for the last twenty years or more, and have found it to be a valuable assistant in the education of my children. In this way children are taught to form a habit of industry and capacity of mind, and as soon as my children are capable of reading, I pay particular attention to short articles detailing accidents, casualties, &c., and also to the Poetry, which I have for reading; and as their minds become more enlarged, I direct their attention to the more substantial matter. The Post is receiving more substantial matter. The Post is receiving more substantial matter. The Post is receiving

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1853.

General News.

From Europe.—The recently discovered plot against Napoleon's life at the Opera House, was of a more serious character than at first supposed. The conspiracy has been unravelled and the prisoners brought to trial.

The French Government has drawn up a reply to Nesselrode's Russian note. It is a firm but temperate document. It asserts the equal claims of France to protectorate over the Latin Church.

Count Nesselrode has issued a new circular, more impudent than his last, claiming that Russia occupies the Danubian principalities because the French and English fleets occupy Turkish waters; and he hints, not clearly, that the Russians will refuse conciliation until the fleets are withdrawn, expressing, however, Russia's willingness to evacuate the principalities when her demands are fully granted.

This note partially opened the eyes of the European public, who see the necessity of bringing matters to a settlement, Russia's object being merely to gain time and render her position impregnable.

The public are constantly amused by despatches of a pacific tendency; the latest, implying that France and England had last week forwarded to St. Petersburg a moderate note, making concessions to both sides to end the matter, to which answer was expected in about a week from the 11th of July. Until this answer is received, all is mere guess work.

A report has been circulated, which if authentic, is highly important, to the effect that the mission of M. Bruck, the Austrian Envoy to Constantinople, instead of being conciliatory, is quite the contrary; and that he has made an imperative demand on Turkey for all the concessions previously refused to Count Leiningen's mission.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe has gone to Geneva, where she purposes remaining for some time.

The American Minister and Miss Wilcox attended the Queen's concert at Buckingham Palace recently.

Intelligence from Athens to the 2nd instant, states that the American Envoy insists, menacingly, on the immediate revocation of the sentence against Mr. King.

A despatch from Vienna, dated July 11th, says that Austrian troops were about to be concentrated near Peterwarden, for the protection of the frontier.

It is said that the Porte will publish a proclamation, in reply to the Emperor of Russia, setting forth all the injustice suffered from Russia, by his country, for above a century.

From the Danubian Principalities we learn that the Divan of Moldavia met at Jassy, on the 27th of June. Its first act was to vote an address of devotion to the Czar.

An army of 80,000 Russians are to occupy the Principalities, and contracts for their rations have been concluded for nine months.

The following account is given of the interference of the captain of the United States frigate St. Louis, in the matter of the arrest of Kossuth's agent:

The Smyrna correspondent of the Marseilles Semaphore, gives an account of the disturbance in Smyrna, of which we have already had the announcement by telegraph, via Halifax. It appears that M. Costa, a Hungarian, ex-aid-de-camp to Kossuth, and who had just returned from the United States, was secreted in the house of a Sardinian, in Smyrna. His whereabouts came to the ears of M. Vakbecker, Austrian Consul General, who, under pretence of searching for a thief, dragged him out, gagged, handcuffed and conveyed him on board the Austrian brig of war Hussar. All the efforts of the other Europeans, aided by Ali Pacha and the native officers, to have the prisoner handed over to the local tribunals, were in vain.

On the following day, the United States frigate St. Louis entered the port, and the captain of the frigate, accompanied by the United States Consul, immediately went on board the …

NEWS ITEMS.

Lamartine has begun the publication of his History of the First Constituent Assembly, and it is likely to create as great an excitement as his Girondins. The Gazette du France, in a furious philippic against it, says "that France is not saved so long as such an explosive element exists in its bosom."

The seamstresses of Cincinnati, who sew by the week, have resolved to work but ten hours per day.

A man and his wife lately died, in Lee County, Virginia, one aged 105 years, and the other 107. They had been married 75 years.

Mrs. Barton came to her death, at Quincy, Illinois, by falling upon a pair of scissors which were in her pocket at the time.

The new Empress of France has been guilty of showing a little affection, which, as our readers know, is not etiquette at Courts.—When her friend Merimee was nominated a Senator—a nomination which she had long solicited—she ran to the Emperor, on his return from Paris to St. Cloud, and gave him two kisses, in the presence of all his attendants.

Twenty-two male slaves, owned by the estate of the late John Enders, made their appearance at the Clerk's Office of the Hustings Court, Richmond, Virginia, on Monday of last week, to get a look at the will of their master, believing, as they asserted, that he had left them all free. The Mayor had them arrested and reprimanded.

The Cincinnati papers state that a movement is on foot to unite the interests of various steamboat lines, so as to make a continuous line from New Orleans to Pittsburg and intermediate points. A plan that, if carried into effect, will greatly add to the convenience of travellers on the western rivers.

Complimentary Toast.—At the celebration at Nashua, the following toast was given by Rev. Mr. Hadley, of Hudson:—

The Ladies—The only angels we ever saw, and the only witches we ever desire to meet.

Fight with Fugitive Slaves.—A desperate fight occurred a few days ago, between a gang of fugitive slaves from Kentucky, headed by a white man named Sumner, and their pursuers, at Rainsborough, Ohio. Sumner was shot, and badly wounded, as were also two of the slaves. All of them, however, effected their escape.

A young and beautiful girl, says the St. Louis Intelligencer of the 18th instant, about thirteen years of age, named Mary Tanner, was on Monday last abducted from school, near the Belleville Road, about five miles from Illinoistown. The act was committed by an Irishman, named Thomas Morne, who is a laborer on the railroad.

The London Times, of the 6th instant, says, that already the feelings of the Russian public are so inflamed, that at St. Petersburg the government is blamed, not for its violence, but for its moderation, and surprise has been expressed at the artifices of language still employed to temper and qualify the published declarations of the Government.

The iron pavement, put down in Howard St., Boston, last year, presents, the Transcript says, a very even appearance, and seems to wear well. The Mayor and Aldermen have voted to try the experiment in a street through which omnibuses and heavy teams pass, and a portion of Court Street is soon to be paved with the approved and grooved iron blocks.

Counterfeit Three Cent Pieces.—On Monday afternoon, of last week, the United States Marshal and Deputies, of Rochester, New York, arrested four men engaged in counterfeiting three cent pieces. The press and dies, with a large number of the spurious coins, were found in the possession of the prisoners, who are lodged in the jail, to await their examination.

Escape of Captain Gibson, of the American Schooner Flirt.—A report reached Singapore on the 5th of May, that Mr. Gibson, of the American Schooner Flirt, has succeeded in making his escape from prison in Batavia, and that he has sailed for America in a vessel belonging to one of his countrymen, which left the harbor at the time of his escape.

The Crystal Palace Exhibition is getting along slowly. Two months, it is said, will be required to get it into perfect order. The newspapers of New York recommend a reduction in the cost of admission from fifty cents to twenty-five, which would, no doubt, considerably more than double the number of visitors.

Railroad to the Pacific.—Hon. William Claude Jones publishes a letter in the St. Joseph papers, in which he describes …

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been rather more activity in the market during the past week. Cotton has been in limited request, but prices are steadily maintained. The late foreign advices noting a material improvement in Breadstuffs in Liverpool, have caused more activity in the market, and prices of all descriptions have advanced. The receipts of Flour and Wheat have been extremely small, and the stock of the former is now much reduced. Corn Meal, owing to its scarcity, has also advanced. Coal continues in active request, and prices tend upward. Iron is held firmly, and there has been a fair inquiry. In Groceries the transactions have been on a very restricted scale, but prices remain without change. Provisions have been very quiet, but for Pork and Lard higher rates are now demanded. Rice is in better demand, and prices are firmer. In Salt no change. Seeds continue very quiet. Wool and Tobacco are held firmly.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stock of Flour are now extremely small. There has been an active inquiry during the past week, partly for export and partly on speculation, and since the receipt of the late foreign advices, prices have advanced fully 25c per bbl. The sales comprise about 18,000 barrels at $5a5,12½ for old stock and recently ground, and $5,25 for fresh ground on Saturday and Monday. On Tuesday the foreign news came to hand, and holders put up their prices. Since then sales have been effected at $5,25 per bbl for sound old lots, and $5,37½a5,50 for fresh ground, including old Western extra at $5,37½a5,50, and fresh extra at $5,75. There has been a good demand for city consumption, within the range of $5,25a5,75 for common and extra brands. Rye Flour sells in lots at $3,75. Corn Meal has been in demand, and prices have advanced 12½c per bbl. Sales of 15,000 barrels Pennsylvania at $2,94a3 per bbl for old lots and fresh ground, and 700 bbls Brandywine at $3,37½.

GRAIN—The supplies have been small, and prices have materially advanced. There has been a good demand, and the sales comprise about 26,000 bushels at about $1,11a1,16 per bushel for prime new red, $1,11a1,28 for inferior and prime new Southern, and $1,24a1,30 for old Pennsylvania white, closing at our highest quotations. Rye comes in slowly, and commands 83c. Corn is scarce and in demand. 10a12,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Southern yellow sold at 68a70c, closing at 70c, which is an advance. Oats have improved; sales of Southern at 42 cts, a cargo of new Delaware at 38c, and Pennsylvania at 43a44c per bushel, now held higher.

PROVISIONS—Pork is more inquired after—Small sales of Mess at $16,25 cash, and since at $16,50. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon is very quiet, and prices remain without change. Sales of Hams at 10a12c per lb; Sides 8¼, and Shoulders at 6a6½c per lb, 4 months. 100 casks Hams in salt sold at 8½c. Lard is scarce. Sales of bbls at 11½a11c per lb, 4 mos, and kegs at 11½a12c. Prices of Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been rather more business doing the past week, and active preparations are making for the fall trade. Prices are steady for all descriptions of Cotton Goods, and for Woolens they have an upward tendency.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark continues limited, but holders are firm at $25 per ton for No 1. Sales of Spanish Oak at $15,50a16 per cord, and Chesnut at $11,50a12.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 28½a29 cts per lb, but some holders ask 30c.

CANDLES—Prices are unchanged. Small sales of Sperm at 35a31c, and Adamantine at 21a24c per lb.

COAL—The activity noticed in the market for some time past still continues, and prices have an upward tendency. Coal vessels are in moderate supply, and free shipments are making from Richmond and Bristol. Sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 20c per bushel.

COFFEE—The market continues very quiet, but prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 2,300 bags Rio at 9a9½c per lb, on time. A cargo of 3,000 bags has arrived since our last notice.

COPPER—Is dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 25c, and Yellow Metal at 23c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been exceedingly quiet. The demand has been limited, and the late …

… [illegible] per gallon. Lard Oil is also held with more firmness. A sale of Winter at 85c, 4 mos.

PLASTER—Is in better demand. Sales of Soft at $2,75 per ton.

RICE—There has been more inquiry. Sales of 150 tcs at 4¼a4½c per lb, on time, part for shipment.

SALT—An import of 1,000 sacks Ashton's Fine, and a cargo of Turks Island were contracted for before arrival, on private terms.

SEEDS—Small sales of Cloverseed at $6 per 64 lbs. 200 bushels Timothy sold at $2,50a3 per bushel. Flaxseed is worth $1,30a1,35 per bushel.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin remain without change, and the sales are limited. N. E. Rum sells at 29a30 cts. Whiskey is scarce. Sales at 24½a25c in bbls; 22c for Drudge, and 24a24½c in hhds.

SUGAR—The market has been exceedingly quiet, but prices remain without change. Sales of 800 hhds New Orleans and Cuba at 4¼a4⅞c per lb, on time, and 3a4,000 bags white Brazil, on private terms, to go out of the market.

TEAS—The sales have been to a moderate extent at our former quotations.

TOBACCO—There is a good demand for both Leaf and Manufactured, and the late advance is fully maintained.

WINES—The sales have been only in small lots at full rates.

WOOL—Supplies continue to arrive freely. There is a good inquiry, but prices are hardly maintained. Sales of 100,000 lbs at 32 up to 65c per lb, 6 months, as in quality.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firmer. Some Rosin was engaged at 2s 6d per bbl. To the West Indies there is but little offering. To New Orleans we quote at 9a10c per foot. Colliers are in good demand at $1,70a1,75 per ton to Boston; $1,35 to Rhode Island; and $1 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 25.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,000 head. Beeves are selling from $9,00 to 10,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $8 to 16 for dry, and $15 to 45 for fresh.—Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4,50; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

ALMANAC.

Aug., 1853	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
30 Saturday,	4 55	7 5	9 50	
31 Sunday,	4 56	7 4	10 37	
1 Monday,	4 57	7 3	11 26	
2 Tuesday,	4 58	7 2	12 18	D. H. M.
3 Wedn'day,	4 59	7 1	1 6	New 4 6 38
4 Thursday,	5 0	7 0	1 44	First 11 10 32
5 Friday,	5 1	6 59	2 24	Full 19 5 30
6 Saturday,	5 2	6 58	3 17	Last 26 10 34

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Friends' Meeting, Pembroke, Mass. on fifth day, the 14th inst. Howard Yarnall, of Philadelphia, to Sarah O. daughter of Hon. Edward P. Little, of Marshfield, Mass.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. A. A. Willets, Mr. George H. Ball, to Miss Josephine Webb, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Samuel W. Neff, to Emeline Pickering, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. Andrew Ridder, to Miss Isabella Allen, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. Andrew Tinney, to Miss Sarah Morrison, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mr. Thomas Ingham, to Miss Louisa Huttenlock, all of Spring Garden.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. John H. Still, of San Francisco, California, to Miss Jane N. daughter of the late Thomas Campbell, Esq. of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, James Carman, to Miss Mary A. Sinclair, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Mr. William Stirling, Jr. to Miss Rachel N. Thoburn, all of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. A. Roche, Mr. Ferdinand C. Manderson, to Miss Margaret Souder, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. George W. Kennard, to Miss Rebecca A. Gillis, both of Beverly, N. J.

On the 13th instant, by Ald. George Moore, Mr. …

Selected Poetry.

BUSINESS AND MEMORIES.

[BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.]

Home at last—all friends in rest now!
Half my home I'll give to you;
Half I'll keep in memory sacred,
Where I've entered, true and pure.
Every drop a hope of sorrow
Every tear a pang of pain,
While I'm gathering them together,
Shadow and sunshine fast as day.

Olive Cultivator.

Selected Articles.

WHAT THE WOMAN DID TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria, and her public-spirited consort, have treated the American people very handsomely. They have received the splendid gifts which have been sent them; they entertained the highest place in England, to show their good will towards us. On the other hand, we are confident that the American people generally have no feeling but that of kindness for the Queen and her husband. We cannot deny, that the expression of these feelings on our part has been sometimes a little peculiar, to say the least. For example, it was a well-meant, but rather foolish piece of work to send a plain gold ring to each of the royal pair, with a letter, in the post-script of which we believe that if "their gracious Majesties would have the goodness to put the rings on their fingers, and keep them on, it would send them a ring a piece." To the good old lady who sent Prince Albert half a dozen pair of socks of her own knitting, the praise of good intentions are to be awarded, with most pardon. Nor would we even quarrel with the inspiring individuals who have sought to turn the Queen of England into an abstemious person, who hold out their morals as a model for her to pattern by. Counting out of these the many who have offered to be Father of the Queen, the third in the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Queen's incest, he imagined, should no doubt meet with reproof, but he thought he could do it with great delicacy. From the Editor of The Times he expected the same. But the man-of-war, of the gentleman of American inclination, as illustrated in the sample of experience—and recently, of the Queen's Proctor, who has had to do with the Queen's mail from which the fleur was sent. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his acknowledgment of the letter, which he received from Colonel Philips, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, who was delighted to find that, as a rule, the Queen declined to receive presents from any quarter, owing to the vast number of them that had been offered her, yet, in this instance, to show her sense of the kindness which prompted the gift, she had been "graciously pleased" to make an exception; and the quit was accepted accordingly. So far, all was well; but soon after, however, the quit-gier writer as spirit-to Queen Victoria, detailing the great expense which had been incurred in the manufacture of the gift, and intimating that the maker thereof had fully expected to receive from the Queen an equivalent, either in money or in some other shape. The next letter was from a rugby from Colonel Phipps, and a draft upon Rothschild, handed a Co.'s Foreign Express Office for twenty-seven pounds, odd. Phipps's thanks were here read. It is couched in terms of the most polite, though it is evident enough that he was quite aware of the nature of the act which called it forth. "Her Majesty," he said, "had directed him to say that the duty which she had incurred, in making the money. That duty had ariseth from the fact that her Majesty had not been aware until the receipt of Mrs. Hook's letter, that she was willing to receive anything in return for the article. Her Majesty, in fact, had supposed that the quit had been designed as a present, and that no further demand on him (Col. Phipps) to enter Mrs. Hook to be informed that it was contrary to Her Majesty's rule to accept presents, and that the exception which had been hitherto made in favor of American ladies, could not be repeated."

It would be a waste of words to say, that Mrs. Hemans, or as Mr. Hook, of Knoxville, was concerned, was disgustingly and disgracefully mean. Equally superfluous were it to tell her, that the conduct of the Queen was beneficent and liberal. Nonsense is not a chargeable offense, and the Queen and her consort had just indignant that, at the only Court in Europe for which the American people care—the Court of Washington—the Queen's gift to an American woman should become a by-word. Doubtless she offer it to remedy a fault in the Privy Purse office? or be observed that the chief who copied Colonel Phipps's letter had not been able to decipher the word "graciously," placing a matter point of admiration () over the syllable of it into.—*Home Journal.*

SILVER NAILS.—An incident is connected with the history of the Silver Nails, in this city, the doors of which are not generally known, and it may be of interest to our readers to learn the reason why they were placed there. When the Queen of England visited the tomb of the venerable patriot, the great people of the North Church decided to commemorate the visit by placing a silver nail on each of the seven doors. From the Editor of The Times he expected the same. But the man-of-war, of the gentleman of American inclination, as illustrated in the sample of experience—and recently, of the Queen's Proctor, who has had to do with the Queen's mail from which the fleur was sent. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his acknowledgment of the letter, which he received from Colonel Phipps, the Keeper of the Privy Purse, who was delighted to find that, as a rule, the Queen declined to receive presents from any quarter, owing to the vast number of them that had been offered her, yet, in this instance, to show her sense of the kindness which prompted the gift, she had been "graciously pleased" to make an exception; and the quit was accepted accordingly. So far, all was well; but soon after, however, the quit-gier writer as spirit-to Queen Victoria, detailing the great expense which had been incurred in the manufacture of the gift, and intimating that the maker thereof had fully expected to receive from the Queen an equivalent, either in money or in some other shape. The next letter was from a rugby from Colonel Phipps, and a draft upon Rothschild, handed a Co.'s Foreign Express Office for twenty-seven pounds, odd. Phipps's thanks were here read. It is couched in terms of the most polite, though it is evident enough that he was quite aware of the nature of the act which called it forth. "Her Majesty," he said, "had directed him to say that the duty which she had incurred, in making the money. That duty had ariseth from the fact that her Majesty had not been aware until the receipt of Mrs. Hook's letter, that she was willing to receive anything in return for the article. Her Majesty, in fact, had supposed that the quit had been designed as a present, and that no further demand on him (Col. Phipps) to enter Mrs. Hook to be informed that it was contrary to Her Majesty's rule to accept presents, and that the exception which had been hitherto made in favor of American ladies, could not be repeated."

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Wit and Humor.

A LOT OF "COOKERS."

The Kittie Times Inn was crowded to a degree of discomfort on the night of the 4th inst., by persons who came to witness the fireworks. The following is a correct list of the arrivals:

Mr. Jones and wife, Samuel Brown, Mrs. Smith and two children, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Brown. Of course, there was a good deal of discomfort. The crowd was full to overflowing by 9 o'clock, and by 10 o'clock there was no room for a pin to stick in the floor. Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith, had to sleep in the bar-room, and